

# THE STORM

*A Favorite Song, as Sung by*

*Mr. Incledon*

at the

Theatre Royal Drury Lane,

and at Freemasons Hall London

*With universal Applause.*

*Harmonized (exactly in the Manner it's Sung)*

by

**MR F. LINLEY.**

Entered in Stationers' Hall

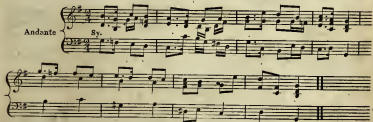
Price 1/

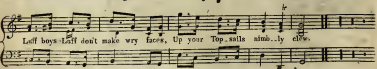
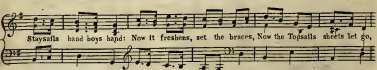
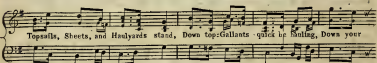
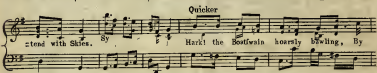
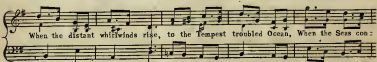
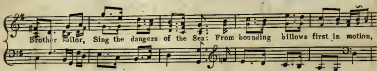
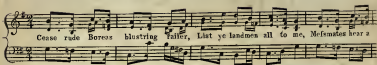
Edinburgh

Printed & Sold By JOHN WATLEN, N<sup>o</sup> 34, North Bridge Street. Where may be had,  
All the Favorite Music Publish'd in Europe &c.

Andante

Sy.





Now all you on down Beds sporting,  
Fondly lock'd in Beautys arms,  
Fresh enjoyment, Wanton, Courting,  
Safe from all but Loves alarms;  
Around us roars the Tempest louder,  
Think what fears our Minds enthrall,  
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,  
Now again the Bosen'calls:  
The Topsail yards point to the wind Boys,  
See all clear to reef each course,  
Let the fore Sheet go, dont mind Boys,  
Tho the weather should be worse;  
Fore and aft the Spritsail yard get,  
Reef the Mizzen, see all clear,  
Hands up, each preventure Brace set,  
Mann the Foreyard Chear lads Chear.

3

Now the dreadful Thunder's roaring,  
Peal on peal contending clash,  
On our heads fierce Rala is pouring,  
In our eyes blue Lightnings flash;  
One wide water all around us,  
All above us one black Sky,  
Different Deaths at once surround us,  
Hark! what means that dreadful cry:  
The Foremast's gone, crys every tongue out,  
O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck,  
A leak beneath the Chesttree's sprung out,  
Call all Hands to clear the wreck;  
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,  
Come my Hearts be stont and hold,  
Plumb the well, the leak increases,  
Four foot water in the Hold.

4

While o'er the Ship, wild waves are beating,  
We for Wives and Children mourn,  
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,  
Alas! to Them there's no return;  
Still the leak is gaining on us,  
Both Chain-pumps are choak'd below,  
Heav'n have Mercy here upon us,  
Only He can Save us now:  
O'er the Lee-beam is the Land boys,  
Let the Guns o'er board be thrown,  
To the pump come every hand boys,  
See our Mizzen-mast is gone;  
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,  
We've lighten'd Her a foot and more,  
Up and rigg a Jury fore-mast,  
She rights, She rights, Boys we'r off Shore:

5

(The following Verse is repeated only from the Quick part)

Now once more on Joys we're thinking,  
Since kind Fortune sav'd our lives,  
Come the Cann boys, let's be Drinking,  
To our Sweethearts and our Wives;  
Fill it up, about Ship wheel it,  
Close to Lips a Brimmer join,  
Where's the Tempest! now, who feels it,  
None, our Danger's drown'd in Wine.